

# My First Day at Primary School

Breathlessly I get out of bed, stamp into the bathroom before anyone else can and start the shower. Impatiently I wash all my bits, taking care to scrub my fingernails and my toenails and even poke the flannel behind each ear.

Chuckling to myself I scrubble my hair dry, brush it down into a perfectly straight pair of ponytails and reach for that gleaming new green & white, freshly ironed by Me, uniform.

Just as I am tying my deep green velvet ribbons into two neat bows like butterflies alighting, my dear old Dad comes in to check how I am going.

“Need a hand with them little darling?” he asks brightly.

“No way Dad. I’m all-ready b’sgheddi.”

I’m six years old. I know how to make my own lunch. I can write my name backwards and forwards – and today’s my first day at school.

As I grab my Dad’s hand to head out for breakfast and we pull ourselves towards each other, I feel his love and pride for me prickling through the hairs on his legs.

I look down at our reflection in the shoes he has shown me how to shine to within an inch of their life. My Dad learnt this when he was in “Nasho’s” after The War, a fact that always gave him a bit of extra shine in my mind’s eye.

I only reach up to the top of his shorts but I know he thinks of me as his equal.

Together we make fruit salad and omelettes and ramble rapid-fire about what this day-of-days might have in store for me.

“I can tell you now Whizzy Daisy. They’re not going to believe how lucky they are to have you at that school today,” he half jokes.

“Just make sure you don’t let that Mrs Hedgersely fall too much in love with you, because you’re my little darling remember!”

If only life was as easy as Dad led me to believe.

Toria’s house 6/2/02

Imagine you’re primary school age and getting ready to go to school. Describe your morning, the surroundings, breakfast, what you would wear...

15 minutes